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## Inside CIA From The Start

THE REAL CIA

By Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr. (Macmillan) \$6.95

Reviewed by WILL WHARTON

Browsers are likely to pass by the spine of any book with "CIA" on it. Another rehash, eh? Pray don't ignore this one, for hardly anyone could be more qualified than its author on the subject. He was with the Central Intelligence Agency from its start, as well as having been one of the first employees of its predecessor, the Office of Strategic Services.

His duties with OSS were to furnish intelligence to Gen. Omar Bradley and the rest of his command. His efficiency was attested to by Gen. George Patton's typically brash effort to command him for intelligence work with his own fast-moving Third Army. For the record, Kirkpatrick mentions that British General Montgomery might have rivaled Patton's achievements, save that he wasted too much time tiding up instead of getting on with the action.

The author's duties with the newly formed CIA were far different. Now he was in administration. He nursed the troubled young CIA into its powerful self of today by two score years of reorganizing and streamlining. For those who carp about the CIA's powers, he makes note that the National Security Act authorizes the CIA to perform for the benefit of other agencies "such additional services of common concern as the National Security Council determines can be more efficiently accomplished centrally," and moreover states that its director "may inspect the intelligence of other departments and agencies."

Passing over some plain-spoken comments on the incidents of the U-2 and the Bay of Pigs, we quote the author only generally in his significant opinion: "It has been the custom throughout history for governments never to acknowledge covert or clandestine activities, and intelligence agents are trained to expect no help from their countries. On two occasions the President of the United States chose to ignore this custom."

In the early days before formation of OSS, Kirkpatrick was working for the Office of War Information, where he encountered another former newsman who inquired, "Say, buddy, what are those Low Countries they keep talking about?" Let us take this jest as a plea for a more adult approach, for the use of the macro-scope of historical perspective, in viewing the CIA. In existence for less than a quarter century, it is an infant in its field when we consider that in the 16th century England had its Star Chamber which broke Thomas Kyd on the rack and had Christopher Marlowe dispatched in a trumped-up duel because he talked too much. Yet the CIA's accomplishments have been gargantuan.

Having felt need to devote some space to Kirkpatrick's views, we must treat all too briefly the heroic proportions of the man himself. After assisting in the very creation of CIA, he thereafter as inspector general could make corrections in his organizational structure, and finally, as executive director under John McCone, could run the entire outfit. These were impressive tasks for the husky young man of 6'5" who began his career in intelligence in 1941—but they assume an Herculean aspect when we learn that in 1951 Kirkpatrick caught polio and was permanently paralyzed as a result, so that he had to spend a good part of the next 15 years being wheeled in out of airliners on his numerous worldwide inspection tours.

In the autumn of 1965 Kirkpatrick left for the groves of Academe, and he is now professor of political science at Brown University. Far from resting on his laurels, he has made an invaluable contribution in his reminiscences, which are best described by him: "This book is my legacy to the people of the free world on the role of intelligence in a free society."

(Will Wharton is a poet and contributor to little magazines.)